Gandhi Memorial College Of Education Bantalab Jammu

Poison and Nectar

(Poems)

Balkrishan Sanyasi

CC-O. Agamnigam Digital Preservation Foundation,Chandigarh

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POISON AND NECTAR

(Poems)

G.M. College of Education
Raipur, Bantalab
Jammu.
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To dear Kilhasini
Rawal
with love
Balkrishan

Balkrishan Sanyasi

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Balkrishan Sanyasi

Translated from the Kashmiri by
Arvind Gigoo

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I will not sing today.....

Dina Nath Nadim

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For Pandit Amar Nath Vaishnaviji

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CONTENTS

1.	Carpet	13
2.	Cloud	17
3.	Terror	18
4.	Painter	19
5.	Bird	21
6.	Mind	24
7.	Night	26
8.	Nakedness	28
9.	City	30
10.	Illusion	32
11.	Effect	34
12.	Word	36
13.	Rainbow	38
14.	Dance	40
15.	Python	42
16.	False	44
17.	Hangul	46
18.	Tolerance	47
19.	Mendicant	48
20.	Teardrop	50
21.	Shyness	52
22.	Footprint	54
23.	Evening	55
24.	River	56
25.	Spring	57
26.	Dialogue	59
27.	Journey	61
28.	The Poisonous Nectar	64
29.	The Brush	67
30.	The Mad Woman	72

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CARPET

A thirty storeyed skyscraper
faces a vast ocean.
People in the ships
saunter
come and go.

I am crouched
in a corner of a room
in the skyscraper.
It is the twenty-fifth storey.
A Kashmiri carpet
covers
the floor.
The carpet and I
are
imprisoned.
When I entered the room
the silk of the carpet
tried to know me.
I recognized the silken threads
instantly.

A picture of the moon
is
hanging on the wall.

The moon said:
'I am Kashmiri
wanting to bathe in the Vitasta
but
the river has dried up.
Manasbal and Aanchar and Dal

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are
in rage.
Wular will kidnap me naked.
I am the moon of Kandhar
and of
Kashmir.
The saffron flowers
radiate
colours in my light.
Now
they are not
what they were.
Flowers have shrunk.'

The moon saw us
and lost colour.
She said:
'Both of you are sold.
Fingers of the children
—weavers—
ache.
Their lips dripped.
The carpets travelled from
the rich sellers
to
the rich strangers.
You are the hands and legs
of the maimed.'

A heavy pause.

The moon said:
'Wait till tomorrow
when

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I will
play with the warring waves.
The waves will
wash
and
beat the shores.'

The moon lisped
to the colorful threads
of the carpet:
'You are the blood
of the innocent.
Stand up
leave
and
boil the seas.'

The moon said to me:
'You are and shall remain
a shattered
and
scattered
tenant.
Collect the fragments
and
shake the earth.
Straighten your path
and return.
You are far away
from
home.'

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The moon quietened.

The picture
hanging from the wall
gazed at me.

The carpet and I
stirred
the moon
and
the words.

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CLOUD

Sky,
why this cloud
and
this sleet?
You had promised me
the sun
and
the shine.
Why this prank?

The lightning,
the thunder
and
the rain
for the day!

I hoped for the embrace
of the sunshine.
I hoped for the playmate
the sunlight.
Wanted to play
hide-and-seek
with the light
in the courtyard.
My toys!

Sky,
you gifted to me
the rain.
Take back this glimpse.
I will wait and hope
for
the shine.

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TERROR

I longed for
the painful desire.

Not cured
for he—my love—
left for war.

Time winged
and
he came back.
My tongue slipped:
'He—
heart and all—
came
and
I
greeted him.'

Mind became crucifix.

He
—reddened—
left for war
again.

It was the birth of terror
not war.

Heart was frail as a petal.
It became stone
body was stiff and cold.

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PAINTER

The boatman
did not smoke the fish but a
helpless woman.
God is smiling
at the disabled.

The wind might
envelop
the Pir Panchal.

I could not finish the painting.
It is wet
hanging on the wall.
The brush spoiled it.

I could not paint the shepherd
climb
the mountain.
The cattle
were
helter-skelter.
I burbled:
'It is only fire.
Some jumped into it.
Some were forced to jump.
There was a bullfight
behind
the closed doors.
The fight broke open
the doors.'

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I said:
'Why this impatience
this hostility
this arrogance?'

They said:
'A cow bore a calf.
We all want it.'
Weeping calf
watched the fight
and said:
'Their weapons are their horns.'

Could not finish the painting.
It is still wet
hanging on the wall.

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BIRD

We lost
this
and
that.

The flower doesn't wish to be
a trident
a spear.

You wear a garland of thorns
and
bloom
in thorns.
Plane the roof.
Don't crumble.
Listen,
the summer will tease you
and
steal leaves.
The heat in hot summer
blows
again and again.
Where is the spring?
The fountains chase
and
the blood and tears
flow.

Tears were the offerings to
the fire.
Prickly roses were
in front of you.

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Thorns pricked Kashmir
and
replaced virtue.

Spring and winter
are
ashes.
Where is the rosy relationship?
Where is the one with
rose-face?
Thorn should prick a thorn
to carve a path.
Daffodils
unite in fervor and passion
and
merge into autumn wind
not to bring in decay.
Let the withered leaves
diminish
and
fall
and
raise a mountain-wind.
Let the dew fall.
Unearth the destructors
and
wash away blood.

The bird said:
'I am perched on this branch.
Greenery and water
are mud now.
The buds are in pain.
The petals of the marigold

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are scattered.
Gather all
and
lighten darkness.
Marigold,
be a martyr.
Prepare for a fall
into the flames.

Courage!
Let the flames rise and
announce:
'Free, the horses
for sacrifice.
Let the thorn act.
Marigold,
watch the thorns
and their cremation.
Easy and difficult.'

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MIND

I said: 'You are?'
Mind: 'I am what I am.'
I said: 'Listen,
you are soft silk,
intoxicant,
silent friend,
sharp,
child-like,
sunray on the snow on roof,
a cat or a goblin
in the dark winter night,
weight on restless children,
noise,
musical touch of fingertips,
symphony of saffron,
dew on saffron,
blossom in moonlight,
passion of youth,
redness on the young face,
lotus,
inside flame,
cool, rain,
hiccup,
my veins,
tears,
sigh,
extinguisher,
walker on snow,
guide of the moon,
comb in the hair,
goblet,
profligate,

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wine,
emptiness,
changer,
youth
and
age.'

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NIGHT

Cloud,
you want to bring rain
and
wet the earth?

Let it be so.
These shrieks!

You—a skeleton—
have fallen on me.

I was one with the sky
—skin on skin—
thread in the eye of the needle.
Breath on breath.
We are liquid.

The sky and the earth
were
one.
Incredible!
Beating hearts
were
on the run.
The silkworm
was in the cone.

Mind was warm soft cotton.
Carding
preserved warmth.
It was the marriage
of

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the sun and the moon.
The moth
—grace and colour—
danced death into the flame.
Sweetness enhanced
panting and joyous desire.
Childhood friend is nearby.

He is and you are
with my nights.
My merger into you
is
my luck.
You and I
are
one.
The shrieks
are mine.

You
—the skeletal cloud—
are
seated in me.
The velvety body
is the witness.

Bones pain.
The concealed night was heavy.
The eyes are open.
Halt.

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NAKEDNESS

You ask me to clothe him?
His nakedness speaks.
He has nothing for
the washerman to wash.
Stone is his bedding.

He sleeps on stones
that pain him.
He craves for honeyed sleep
after hard labour.
Rain washes his stained body.
Each sunrise welcomes
the peaks
and
the flaming day.
The rosy sun
calls at the lightning.
Desire erupts
and
he
is up.

He picks up the rope
and
sees the winds quarrel
to buy
the cosmos
earth
age
seasons.

The huts crumble.

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POISON AND NECTAR

Ice is born in cold hearts to
distribute
icicles
and
revive old wounds.
The nests of the bulbuls
rest
on the earth.
The flowers are pell-mell.
He
broken
and
perspired
got nothing after labor.
He
is the decay
scattered
here and there.
If one
he would have been in front of Him.

The gold chain
has
enchained your bent neck.
The work of the destroyers.

The lava is
silent
and
asleep.
Tears trickle down.
I run to you.
Honour the tears.
They will be yours.

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CITY

Did you see the teary dejection in eyes?
Did you see the bulbul sing?
The streams
pure
are changed
are furious.

You are the past
peeping into the fleeting present.

The instant moment
ignored you.

The wind peeled off
the smile
from the rose.
Did you see
the sorrow
weep?
The flowers sang
elegies.

Did you see the gardener quiet?

The walker in the street
mistook his fellow walkers
and
thought that
the seers had danced
with their folks.

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My simple quiet and cool city
is blood
is earthquake
is plunder
is loot.

The deer searches for heaven
in mist.
The jump of the deer speaks
fury.

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ILLUSION

The lamps' light
is
a million stars.
They believed the stars.

The dark places
mourn.
The sky is holes
not
the stars.
We wept over
their burial.

The teardrops are on
the cheeks.
They said:
'A million stars deck the sky.'

The sky
tumbled upon
the assembled.
Illumination!

There was sound and rage.
They said:
'It is a million stars.'

The fire
changed the shape and colour
of this all.
The sparks danced
a rise.

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They said:
'It is a million stars.'

The look vanished
for
the eyes were covered.
We asked:
'What is the gain?'
They said:
'We have the sky
with a million stars.'

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EFFECT

The mountains crumbled
and
the lakes rose up.
The doors broke.
Let there be a fire-cry.
Let the world shrink.

The effect will emerge
today
tomorrow
or
the day after.

I am lost
in the lane
angry.

I am the graveyard.
The sun rays hide themselves.

They cover faces
show their backs to the people.

Love
sculpts
the wind-house.

Lovers,
why shudder?
The flaming desires
write
a dirge

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and
call it
fright.

Unreason shines
and
the joyful
recline.

The flower-like face
rested
on the bumblebee.
The garden mourned.
The quarrel enhanced.
I danced
a lyric
a revolt.
'Look around to
write
and
die in peace.'

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WORD

You gagged the wind.
The word
lost
meaning.
The soles stick to the road.

The sunk
will not re-emerge
on the shore.

The word
means
this now.

The thirsty stoned
the pitcher.

The word
is
deformation.

The spring
is
a stranger
to the laugher.

The day of the laugh
is
night.

The word
is mirage.

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The secret opened
to
vanish.
The blinds were drawn.

I am the white
not the blue.

The cloud is the cause.

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RAINBOW

Why did the rainbow fear?
It destroyed
the dwellings.
The shining stream
sped.
The world screamed
and
stopped.
Lover left home saying:
'I will be a sage
in a cave
and
recite hymns.'

She
colourful
flowered
followed.

The silent moments
froze
and then
got up screaming.

The evening lamp
and
the morning conch
danced
among the flowers.

Beauty lives
in the tavern.

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Lal Ded
kissed the stone.

Tomorrow
I wont be.
It is today.
Listen,
she couldn't conceal
emotion.
They entered.

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DANCE

Moments saw.
Dance petrified.
Faces turned.
Dance was still.

My feel was pure.
It is crooked now.
Dance froze.

Laughter shrieked.
Flame came laughing
and
enveloped
the laugh.
There was a furore.

Venom was offered to
the stream
to kill.
None drank.

The meandering stream
halted
and
the koel sang a weep
sans melody
sans rhythm.

The world panted.
The evening is pensive.
The dulcimer
is

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on the prow of the boat.

The dance halted.

I am the ecstasy.
I say:
'Come,
help me out of this darkness
embrace stillness.'

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PYTHON

The petals
emerged.
The pythons
may gobble them.

The eye of the petal
is
open.
The python
may bite.

The petals sighed
bloom
and
spring.

The inside of the petals
was
ashes.
The petals fainted.

The petals
smile
my sacrifice
and
sleep by the python

The darkness of the eyes
is
desire.
He who bears
is.

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Desire will steal
and
sham innocence.

Python crawls.

Moments drank poison
to become
poison.

I long for the tight embrace.
The concealed python
will
vanish.

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FALSE

Want to test the snowy Shalimar.
The sun is shrouded
in
blackness.
Want to uncover the shard
the falseness
with false beauty.
The garland of the woman
fell.
The string snapped.
The daffodils would have
bloomed
to emit joy.
Everything is naked
unveiled.
Ancestry is hanging.
The dead body
standing erect
does not recline.
The bangles jingle.
The sound may soothe
the wounds.
I want to put out
the kiss-flame
on my brow.
Can't.

I say to the wind:
Don't awaken
my playmate.
I am the digger
the dead.

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I dig out falseness from within.
I am unable to rest.
My playmate is in deep sleep
unaware of the storm.
Let her wake up
and
recite my truth.
Offer my dead body to the flowers
and
protect our past embraces.

She will weep.
I say to the playmate:
'I can't help your weep.
My song is before you.'
She may offer the song to the flowing river.

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HANGUL

The night was rain.
The day was trampled upon.
The rainy season is hot.
The tree ate up the shade.
The tongue dangled for water.
We ate the venom-moments.
I caressed the shade to protect us.
There was no festivity.
The dead lay on the road.
I say to the sparrow:
'Tell the hanguls to flee
from the forest.'
There is fright and fire.
My love,
where to go
with these blood-soaked wings?
My emotion is ice.
Breaths faint.
The source of water and chinar
are
swallowing smoke.
The flowers are aflame.
What I?
The embers have been eaten.
'Wind,
you called me
after a long gap.
People assaulted you.
My heart is pieces.'

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TOLERANCE

The day journeyed into the night.
The dreams gaped and yawned.
The streams shine red.
They derive warmth.
The scars crave mercury.
There was a flood facing the drowsy eyes.
The lips trembled to see the waters.
The tongue searched for word to sing.
Imagination was washed away.
The sky has shrunk.
Cloud is a mat.
Who wishes to look at the sun and the moon?
They envied the flower garden and the fragrance.
The pitchers flowed with the waters.
The rose is unsafe.
Tolerance is the way.
I am the icicle.
Death will warm me.
When dead I will be the sun.

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MENDICANT

Your brave look will play love.
The Dal's waves will dance.
The forest and the fairies will smile.
Lotuses will sing.
The lovers will dive from the
sky when they see your speedy eyes.
The love-wind blowing over
the Wular
will wash the moon
and make her swim
in the lake.
The gaze will touch Zabarwan.
The sun will splay
the mountain laugh
the dark nights will wake up
and
run away.
The anklets of love-god
will give a symphony.
New songs will take birth.
You,
the heart will beat
hopes will garland me.
The cold will free you to merriment.
Spring–breeze will enter my room.
Love will live long
will dazzle.
We will recall promises.
I will gift you
heart
and
blood.

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'Where are you running to?'
'To offer rice to a mendicant.'
After that the embrace.

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TEARDROP

Teardrop ,
you laughed
and
I caught you.
You are joyous.
You love this mole.
You flow down
my cheek.
Speak,
teardrop.
You kiss my cheek
to attract me.
What are your movements for?
You soften my mind
and
gather ideas.
Are you trapped
in my mind?
Are you aware
of my inside?
Mother did not offer me
her breast.
How could I
suck milk in her lap?
She gave me
the other milk.
It did not quench
my thirst.
Should I drink you,
teardrop?
How long will the thumb
satisfy me?

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How long should I
grip mother's hair?
Mother has left.
My thirst will go
when I drink you.
Should I drink you?

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SHYNESS

I am the shyness.
This slip!
The child in me craves
a laughing dance.
I—confounded—
quiver.
They ogle me.
The flash
pulls me to you.
I will be water.
He will close the door.
I am the shyness.
My heart will melt.
Love is solace.
The Dal snatched heart.
They stoned me.
The weeds screamed.
Result!
I am the shyness.
Lover
old friend
youthfulness
wedded love.
I am the shyness.
Will anybody say 'No'?
Who will jump into the fire
and
be ash?

Want to sit in the willow grove
lest they talk.
They are green envy

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to see
my sleep
in the shade of chinar.
My chest
warmth.
The mad lover?
Where?
Death
cold dead.
Goodness,
encircle me.
I am the shyness.
Who can evade warmth?
Who will lap the cold?
I do it
for
shyness.
Futile to embrace
an icicle.
Desperation!
Your look
at the sun
in chill
will mock me.
The people
jeer at me
from the windows
for I look at the sun.
The snow, the bird and the spring
may be late .
I am the shyness.
Words scratch my being.

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FOOTPRINT

The crowd is running.
Children fall.
Is the din because of this?
Do the children
shriek
and
shout
and
wail?
People are on rampage
in the city.
I am ready with the bow and arrow.
I would have killed him.
Not visible.
The crowd is running.
Sara's one son is dead.
Another son is alive.
She is running barefoot.
Someone shouted a fiery shout:
'Throw the dead into the river.'
Sara threw the living into the river.
People are running.
Santosh lost him.
He had promised her
fruits for the festival.
Fire
and
dark smoke are all around.
A bullet hit Surjeet Kaur.
She fell listening to *word*.
I am ready with the bow and
arrow.
Not visible.

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EVENING

Why did I tell them
that
I would depart in the evening?
You told me nothing.
Why did I tell them
that
my time was up?
There will be no breath.
The leaves of the trees
will not shake
to wait for autumn.
Winter doesn't dream spring.
Summer doesn't frighten me.
Heat doesn't terrify me.
You came
for nobody had seen you.
You looked
a swami
in yogis' clothes.
Your hand
rested on my head.
You laughed
said 'yes'
and
left.
I asked you: 'What?'
You said: 'Evening.'

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RIVER

You mad violent river,
don't ask for a flood.
Collect water
if there is a torrent.
The dry mountains
will bathe.
Somewhere
the people in drought
are waiting.
The chest is wounded.
The living
in pain
are the wait.
Give them water.
Injustice will go
cloud will love
to move.
Don't desire.
Villages will sink
cities will disappear.
River,
be charitable
to the arid.
Wash dryness.
Don't be conceited to say:
'I am mighty
the greatest.'

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SPRING

Who called you pleasant?
Gag flowers?
The blossom
is
my blood.
The gardener
pushed my breath.
The waves of the Dal
are
a lament.
The daffodils
feel
the death day of the bumblebee.
Is the red
on the flowers?
When born
they sang mourning.
The breeze
on the terrace
on the green
on the virgin dew
is
unsmiling.
Pick up the tools
for
my love is grave.
The dusk lacks vigor.
The dawn is grim.
The soles burn
in
the blazing days.
Mind is uneasy nights.

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We dreamt restive and
hopeless dreams.
The oriole
was songless.
Summer
fled from memory.
The waterfall
will thunder.
They say:
'The moon-bird
looks at the moon
and
thirsts for drops.'
The drops trickle from the
hole in the throat
of the bird.
The flower-gardens
mourn.
You did not
bless the cheerless gardens.
Who will call you summer?

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DIALOGUE

Is he the one
whose
arms and ears
have been cut
eyes
pulled out
lips
sealed?
Or
is he an iron man
eyes angry
breaking
his chains?
He shouts
when
they call him names.
Is he this or that?
Why do you ask me?
You know.
Dead or alive!
You are in
and
I am out.
I am lifeless
and
you are life.
Find me
within
for you want to know me.
You are the swim
in the mind-ocean.
My 'I',

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What to tell you?
What will you listen to?
Alive he will emit fire
and
kill those who disfigured him.
Arrows did not hit him.
His helpless look!
They would have mourned his death.
He poisoned
himself
and all.
I was the watcher.

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JOURNEY

I am the spinning wheel.
The universe
spins
on water.
I spun nothing.
I found wars in the threads.
The spindle pricked me.
The arrows of Bhishma
are in me.
I am not alone.
The night is heavy weight.
We are parched.
I journeyed on water.
The arrows walk me
through
the dust
the tremors
the bursts
the sounds.
Whose
is this fall?
They are
in front
at the back
and
with me.
The herd is one
the ways are many
are
alone.
The crows
pick up

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nuts
in the mornings
and
evenings
move towards water
and
build homes.
You,
wheel,
gyrate
and
move.
I guard sorrows
that are
my life.
Carding is my fatigue.
Who will extract the thorn?
Where is the peak?
I have to measure this.
I carved roads through the mountains
and
founded cities.
My twisted foot
felled me.
The blaze set me aflame
the wind pulled out my roots.
The sun sank.
The continual rain
is
the flood.
The road caved in.
The dark night
chases
me.
The spinning wheel

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spins
cloth for warmth
in the cold.
My finger dovetails with its
sound.
Each spin
is
a ride.
The river
is
the filth.
Paddy
and
maize fields
shine.
The thread cut
and
I thought:
'I will be spun again.'
I
am the thread
of the wheel.
Can't escape.
Rolls and rolls
of thread.
Spinning doesn't end.
The thread is
in front
behind.
With me too.
The journey doesn't end.

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THE POISONOUS NECTAR

The winter was harsh
They said:
'The Lord of Death
slipped
from the mountain-top
in snow.'
His limbs
were
scattered
and
reached the foot of the mountain.
The wind
worshipped the ice lingams
in the chilly winter.
The lingams were cold.
They said:
'This is the sacrifice of
the Lord of Death
for man.'
In summer
the poison was common,
the lingams were ice-cold,
the heartbeats were feeble,
the blood stopped flowing.
The body fell
on the earth.
What do they say now?
We wish
the lingams to assemble.
Union
means
the past merging into future.

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It means
dyeing the moments of tomorrow
with kisses.
The savior of
the three worlds
with the trident
and
the three eyes
will suck the ocean
and
hold
in the veins of his throat
the poisonous world.
The crowd
is
always
in the darkness.
How can they
gather
the scattered lingams
into a single whole?
The hot summer sun
melted
the silvery snow
of the mountain tops.
The poisonous water
flowed
from the mountain tops
and
the people shouted:
'Weigh poison.'
I am waiting
for the poisonous nectar
to flow

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from
the foot of the mountain
through the fields
and
touch my doorstep.
It is not cold snow,
it is not sweet ice
that
I want to taste
and
get intoxicated with.
I have
never
known ecstasy.

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THE BRUSH

A body
on a boulder
is crooked.
The arms are twisted,
the face is upwards,
the feet have turned
the breast of the boulder
cold.
The body is
a mound of clay.
The boulder
shoulders
the load.
The hermit-king!
I kissed the shepherd's brow.
He did nothing useful
unto me.
He left
with the cattle.
I am the golden dust
of the autumn leaves.
The shepherd
trampled upon me.

This night
the autumn moon
walks
from door to door
with the idol of Kali.
The stone
left the stream.
The stream

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doesn't reach
the stone.

In winter
idols were auctioned.
The tricksters
did not pray to Kali.
She would have
sucked their blood.

The body
exchanged the idols
for cheap money.

Is this the cause
of the boulder's
fury?

No,
don't think
the boulder
is
a boulder.
The boulder
sustains
this body
is shivering
but
the boulder
is its cradle.

The canvas
has
no beginning

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and
no end.
I am lost in the colours.
The autumn moon
disappeared
in the dark lane.

I know nothing
of my existence.

The boulder is stone.

The boulder shivers
for
it found its image.
Blood oozed
out of the mouth
of the body
and washed
the boulder.
The body got tired.
The sound of the conch
was
born at dawn.
Blood of man
spilled.
The stream
dyed the clothes.

The religious
dipped
the idols of Kali
in the blood–stream.

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No one shows
the hermit the right way.
His cattle are lost.
Some climbed
Harmukh
in the first snow-fall.
Some were
petrified
in spring.
Some rolled back
in
snow and rain.

Today the snow is red.
The falling rain
brings
blazing heat.
The flashes of sunshine
are
the cursed human tongue.

I would like to
ask the cool chinar
but
the tree is silent.
Let the inner liquid
come out of the tree.
I will know
how long I have to live.

The hermit
was
my limb.
He left.

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I too
am somewhere.
The roads
forked.
My body is there.

I want to be the whole.

The morning sunlight
fell
on the laughing mountain.
It froze
the ice
offered beauty
here
and
there.
The hand of Nature is still.
Who
will
handle the brush?

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THE MAD WOMAN

Here all are mad.
No one is normal.
Look at the normal person.
He is walking
with the wrong shoe
in
the wrong foot.

Why do they call me mad?
Why do children tease me?
I am clad
in rags.
I still remember names
whatever the cause.

Why stare at me
in the night?
I spend nights
near the shops.
Why do they
plan evil?
Why do they call me mad?
Why do they boo me?
I am alright.
I remember all
even the one
who has never seen me.
Nothing is amiss.
Aren't I beautiful?
I can tell you
what happened
where

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and
what will happen.

I am the beauty.
Don't I look so
smeared with mud and soot?
What has happened to me?
I told you:
'Damn you,
you evil.'
You follow me
when I board a train,
you follow me
when I get down half-way.
When I don't go anywhere
and
choose to stay here
you get angry and say:
'This woman is glued
to this city.'
Where to go?
What to do?
What have I done to you?
You call me mad.
Why do you call me names?

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Having made his mark as a forceful writer in English and as a creative writer in his mother-tongue Kashmiri, Shri Balkrishan 'Sanyasi' has come up with two volume of Kashmiri verses titled *Shreh Ta Veh* and *Gah-ta-Gata*. Both are studies in contrast, bringing out what sounds as paradoxical; rich in content, enlivened with a literary flavor, the two works are creative in a high degree. The writer in question comments on men and manners as a keen observer. The striking quality of the lyrics is their tautness, which distinguishes a 'poem' from mere verse. This quality is well reflected in the density of matter the poems invariably embody. One should feel proud of Sanyasi's many-sided genius as his admirer. He has a mind of his own as his forte. May he live long to earn full recognition as a man of achievement in the realm of letters!

Prof. Amar Nath Dhar

Balkrishan Sanyasi

Balkrishan Sanyasi was born at Shashyar Mohalla, Habbakadal, Srinagar in 1943. He did M.A. in Political Science from the University of Kashmir in 1966. He worked for the Accountant General's office till 2003. He writes essays, research papers in Kashmiri, Hindi and English. His Kashmiri poems show revolt, romance and realism.

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